

BEAUTIFUL WREATHS

For decorating the graves of your loved ones asleep.
Prices \$2.00 up.
PHONE 292.

Mrs. S. J. Routon

SOUR STOMACH INDIGESTION

Theodor's Black-Draught Highly Recommended by a Tennessee Grocer for Troubles Resulting from Torpid Liver.

East Nashville, Tenn.—The efficacy of Theodor's Black-Draught, the genuine, herb, liver medicine, is vouched for by Mr. W. N. Parsons, a grocer of this city. "It is without doubt the best liver medicine, and I don't believe I could get along without it. I take it for sour stomach, headache, bad liver, indigestion, and all other troubles that are the result of a torpid liver."

"I have known and used it for years, and can and do highly recommend it to every one. I won't go to bed without it in the house. It will do all it claims to do. I can't say enough for it."

Many other men and women throughout the country have found Black-Draught just as Mr. Parsons describes—valuable in regulating the liver to its normal functions, and in cleansing the bowels of impurities.

Theodor's Black-Draught liver medicine is the original and only genuine. Accept no imitations or substitutes. Always ask for Theodor's.

W. L. Manning
C. G. Lowndes

STAR CLEANERS AND DYERS

North Poplar Street
PARIS, TENN.

PHONE
584

PARCEL PACKAGES DELIVERED FREE.

To Stop a Cough Quick take HAYES' HEALING HONEY, a cough medicine which stops the cough by healing the inflamed and irritated tissues. A box of GROVE'S O-PEN-TRATE SALVE for Chest Colds, Head Colds and Croup is enclosed with every bottle of HAYES' HEALING HONEY. The salve should be rubbed on the chest and throat of children suffering from a Cold or Croup. The healing effect of Hayes' Healing Honey inside the throat combined with the healing effect of Grove's O-Pen-Trate Salve through the pores of the skin soon stops a cough. Both remedies are packed in one carton and the cost of the combined treatment is 35c. Just ask your druggist for HAYES' HEALING HONEY.

Dr. J. I. Johnston
Dental Surgeon

Hours 8 to 12-1 to 5

Office: West Side Square

Phone 515

47-42

DR. CHAS. HENDLEY

OFFICE

MORRIS BUILDING

Office Hours

8-10 a. m. 2-4 p. m.

Rub-My-Tum, antiseptic and pain killer, for infected sores, tetter, sprains, neuralgia, rheumatism. 39-151

DR. J. D. WELDON

Dentist

S. E. Corner Square

Over

HOWARD & JOBE

Hours 8 to 12: 1 to 5:30;
7 to 8 p. m.

Lee-Ander of Brush Creek

By MARTHA MACWILLIAMS.

© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

"What's his chance?" Doctor Helm asked of Tommy Barton, nodding toward a couple whirling in the newest two-step.

"Let's see! About fifty-fifty," Tommy said judiciously. "I'd say odds on, only she's a widow."

"Therefore wise and wary," Helm chuckled. "Well, luck to Leander. He deserves it for having to support that name all these years, if for nothing else."

"You mean let it support him," quoth Tommy, his nose wrinkling a bit.

"How d'ye make that?" from Helm. Tommy looked pained. "A blind man ought to see," he said, "with grandmothers all but fighting as to who he should be called. Grandma Green is bent on making him Lee, Grandma Towle as hot to have him Andy. Each subsidizes him liberally to embrace her view, especially when after his losing out at everything he lays it all to the fact that 'folks have no confidence in a fellow with one of these fancy names.'"

"I've heard of being bag-ridden," Helm chuckled harder, "but he hanged if I ever knew another man grumpy-ridden. How'd he happen to the fancy name?"

"Twasn't a happen—dead set purpose," from Tommy oracularly. "One grandpa, you see, was Leviticus, 't'other one Andrew. The names were sort of married to keep peace in the families, as there was no chance of another Green boy. Leander came into the world fatherless, and the only son of an only son."

"H-m! Who wised you up so?" Helm demanded. It was Tommy who chuckled, replying: "Earned wisdom, doctor. Grandma Towle has been visiting us regularly all the year—what she hasn't told me of family matters could be written on your thumbnail and leave room for more."

"What meanness you two up to now?" Anne Saxton asked, coming behind them. "Talk of women gossips," she went on; "why, you beat a sewing circle without half trying. Always



"Molly—You Were Always a Wise Bird."

picking on somebody—tell me, who is the last victim?"

"Ourselves," Helm countered promptly. "Not saying but feeling what fools we are to let that whipper-snapper Leander carry off a fine woman like Mrs. Dan Taylor, right under our noses."

"Shameful, I admit!" Anne said, with the least toss of a very nice head—one set well on handsome shoulders and massed all over with wavy Titian hair. Young looking for thirty, Tommy and the doctor, both highly eligible bachelors, had been rivals for her favor all of ten years. Hence the implication regarding Leander's widow. Anne understood it perfectly and laughed over it, inside. She was really fond of both men—so fond she sighed sometimes. "Why wasn't I born twins?" Nobody answering her, she decided it was part of the general grudge Fate bore all lone women with a pretty taste in mates. She ought to marry—that she knew as well as anybody. But how to take one when the taking might mean heart-break to the other?

Anne was not above puns—witness her demure: "Can't either of you rescue a lady? Seems to me Mrs. Taylor must be terribly fed up with green stuff right about now." In the laugh that followed this sally she made a dignified retreat, her eyes twinkling wickedly, as she looked back at Tommy, and waved her hand to his fellow sinner.

"What would you give to shake her—hard? Hard as she deserves?" Helm demanded under breath. Tommy muttered something and walked away. In his heart he was saying: "Almost as much as to kiss her. She is the very devil for aggravating you—but we love her aggravations."

"What struck you blind, Tommy

Barton?" Mrs. Taylor called as he passed close to her without apparently perceiving her. Seated as he was, Tommy started a little—he had not meant so to lose his sense of everything. Mrs. Taylor—sometime Molly Dake—had been a good pal, back in their remote youth. Sentiment had not touched them then nor ever. He had been the first to kiss the bride and bring Dan Taylor's hand at the wedding—moreover, he had sent the handsomest present of all, and been the favorite visitor throughout the five years of happy married life. So he was not loath to walk with her away from the dancing, find a cozy double seat, and establish her to her mind, and his own, say, patting her arm affectionately. "Molly—you were always a wise bird. Spill a little of it now for my benefit about—well, about—almost anything."

"Meaning Anne," Mrs. Taylor said with a rueful smile. "Tommy Barton, you are the blindest idiot living—always excepting old Joe Helm. You two are wasting your lives—rather letting Anne waste them for you. She ought really to be indicted for monopoly—husbands are as necessary—almost—as clothes. And besides you elderly simpletons she has a string of young ones longer than the moral law."

"Who's been telling you?" Tommy interrupted. She frowned, but merrily, answering: "Leander—of course. And—actually he prides himself on not running after her—told me tonight his wife could never have it thrown up to her that she was wearing Anne Saxton's old shoes."

"That reminds me to ask: What are your intentions regarding him?" Tommy again interrupted.

"Only to tolerate him while my visit here lasts," Mrs. Taylor fumed back. "You see unless I'm up to all the ins and outs of everybody, I'll be worse than a bull in a china shop. All the fools I know seem to be ready to stab each other in the back—or the front, or any old where. By help of Leander and the grace of God I hope to get away safe."

"I see you want us to keep your memory green," Tommy giggled. Molly threatened him with her fan, then said, dropping her eyes: "Did you ever try making that wicked Anne jealous?"

Tommy shook his head. "Too dangerous!" to which the answer was, "Fiddlesticks! Get busy and try it—right now."

"D'ye mean you're available?" Tommy said low, but joyously. A nod emboldened him to say: "I thought of that my own self when I knew you were coming—but somehow my courage—"

"Goose! I understand," Molly broke in. "Fraid of gins and snares. No need to be. If ever I own different initials the last one will come lower in the alphabet." After that she blushed unaccountably—but Tommy appeared to find enlightenment in the cryptic utterance.

Thus began for the Brush Creek neighborhood a riotous month's gossip, which took a new turn every day. Anne Saxton was going to marry—Doctor Helm, of course. Didn't she go with him everywhere, and have no eyes at all for Tommy Barton? Lucky, considering how the Widow Taylor had swept him off his feet—he tagged after her like a two-year-old after his mammy at the county fair. Poor Leander Green's nose was clean out of joint—to the delight of Grandma Green, who hated anything named Taylor, and to the disappointment of Grandma Towle, who had counted on the visiting widow to make Leander's fortune, as well as to put that foolish yellow-haired Sally Joyce clean out of his mind. Telephones, the extinguishers of countryside sociability, fell out of use—with so much doing one had to talk it over face to face. So there were dinings, and play parties, fish fries, and picnics galore, not to mention the big meeting at Harmony church, where an altar full of penitents yielded barely two converts. The rigidly pious said that because of dancing—hops twice each week in Odd Fellows hall, to say nothing of smaller private performances. Altogether there had not been such stirrings about and excitement since Major Saxton, Anne's brother, ran for congress, and the district came within five hundred votes of making it unanimous.

This lasted a full month—then came a two days' lull. Just why, nobody knew. So the great news burst upon stunned ears when the local paper came out with the headline: "Matrimony Rampant. All Victims Well Known and Highly Esteemed Residents of This and Neighboring Counties." Below, categorically, were names—Thomas Barton, Esq., of River Bend, to Anne, only daughter of the late Gen. Saxton; Mrs. Mary Dake Taylor to Joseph Helm, M. D., and Leander Green, attorney and counselor at law, to the beautiful Miss Sarah Joyce. After the surprise party weddings the happy couples had chosen wedding tours widely apart. Later news would be duly given to the public—which would doubtless join the editor and their own immediate friends in wishing them joy and prosperity.

Half those who read said: "Well! I never!" The other half: "Just what I said all along."

Electricity Never Visible. The Bureau of Standards says the electric light, or, more correctly, the light from an incandescent lamp, is caused by the heat generated in the filament of the lamp by the passage of the electric current, and, accordingly, is an effect and not a visible form of electricity. No one has ever seen electricity in any form; it is known by the effects it produces.

LODGE AT COMO ONE OF OLDEST

Melott Lodge No. 159 I. O. O. F. Arranges For Home—Coming; One a Member 50 Years.

(By Staff Reporter.)

Melott Lodge No. 159, I. O. O. F., has arranged for a home-coming on the 31st inst. This is one of the oldest lodges in the state and has members scattered throughout the south and west. On this occasion a veteran jewel will be presented Mr. Ellen Garret who has had an uninterrupted membership for 50 years—Miss Catherine Speight who is in school at Henderson, Tenn., is at home for the holidays—Mrs. Emma Rigby and little son of Lansing, Mich., and Mr. and Mrs. Dot Alexander of Bay City, Mich., are here at the bedside of their father, Mr. W. F. Alexander, who is seriously ill—Weldon Rodgers has gone to Andrews, N. C. where he has a position in a printing office. He is an industrious young man of pleasing address and we wish him good luck.—The year with its pleasures and disappointments, its joys and sorrows is niftily passing and we are looking to the new with an unwavering faith in the bountiful hand that has ever supplied the needs of his children.—Miss Lura May Love-lace is home for the holidays from school at Martin.—Mrs. Marshal Rodgers of Paris spent the week-end with relatives here.—Mr. and Mrs. Nell Underwood of Dresden have moved to our village.—Mr. and Mrs. Cox have bought Mr. Walter Perry's residence and have moved to Como.—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Duke of McKenzie have purchased a home here and are now residents of our village.—Born, recently to Mr. and Mrs. Barney Hall, a daughter.—Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Powers are on the sick list.

HONOR ROLL ANNOUNCED FOR MANLYVILLE SCHOOL

High honor roll—High school, Zilpah Richardson, John Richardson, Jr., Ansel Smith; grades, Anna May Hill, Pauline Doty, Robert Richardson, Gladys Hoofman, William Moody, Audie Goforth, Buren Nichols, Mildred Richardson, Earl Walters, Ernest Walters.

Honor roll—Orie Doty, John Walters, Thomas Walters, Tillman Hastings, Lee Martin Hill, Chester White, Leon Kenney, Lathan McCampbell. 5th grade—Thelma Hastings, Paschall Hill. 4th grade—Mary Weatherly, Goldie Blackwood, Buford French. 3rd grade—Louise Bomar, Wayne French, Jno. E. Moody, Mary E. Moody, W. Francis Walters, Sunshine Richardson, Margaret Doty, Madge Hoofman.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

J. H. Wilson to Mrs. Paralee Wilson, 145 acres, \$3575.
J. C. Hastings to James Bomar, 60 acres, \$300.
M. L. Camp to J. P. Cox, 1 acre, \$200.
Mrs. Mattie Clendennin to B. P. Wall, 12 acres, \$600.
Sam Fitzgerald to W. J. McClure, 41 acres, \$1175.
G. P. Hampton to T. C. Nix, 33 acres, \$600.
J. F. Hutson to Levi Radford, 36 acres, \$400.
C. F. Dunn to W. R. Weatherford, 254 acres, \$4431.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days

Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles. Instantly relieves itching. Piles and you can get restful sleep after the first application. Price 50c.

(44-41)

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

R. T. Moody vs. F. L. Bailey Before Guy C. Pressnell Justice of the Peace of Henry County, Tennessee.

In this cause it appears by affidavit that the defendant, F. L. Bailey is justly indebted to the plaintiff, and is a non-resident of the state, so that the ordinary process of law cannot be served on him, and an original attachment having been levied on his property and returned to me, it is therefore ordered that publication be made in the Parisian, a newspaper published in the City of Paris, Tenn., for four consecutive weeks, commanding the said F. L. Bailey to appear before me, at my office in Dulac, at 1 p. m. on the 13th day of January, 1922, and make defense to said suit, or it will be proceeded with ex parte.

GUY C. PRESSNELL, Justice of the Peace. This November 28th, 1921. 44-41

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Take Aspirin only as told in each package of genuine Bayer Tablets of Aspirin. Then you will be following the directions and dosage worked out by physicians during 21 years, and proved safe by millions. Take no chances with substitutes. If you see the Bayer Cross on tablets, you can take them without fear for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylic acid.

CHRISTMAS BELLS RING AT BUCHANAN

Interspersed With Wedding Bells As Yuletide Draws Near; Other News From There.

(By Staff Reporter.)

B. L. Haley of Paris was here on business Tuesday.—Mrs. Wilson spent Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. Brooks Bucy.—There will be a play at Buchanan school house Friday night, (23) given by the school. Everybody come.—Mary Cannon spent the week-end with home folks.—Johnnie Talley spent the week-end with Miss Bessie Hendricks of Puryear.—I. B. Harp was in Buchanan Thursday.—Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Willoughby spent Sunday in the home of W. M. Henry.—Mamie Morgan, a student of Buchanan, spent the week-end with home folks.—Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Neese and Mr. and Mrs. Fred King motored to Henry Thursday.—C. M. McNutt spent the latter part of the week with his son, L. L. McNutt of Murray.—Misses Georgia Sever and Ora Williams were the guests of Mrs. J. R. Willoughby Saturday night.—The home of Mr. Harmon Collins was slightly damaged by fire Sunday night. The origin of the fire is unknown.—Opal McCulston, Johnnie Talley, Bessie Hendricks and Mamie Morgan called at the home of Mrs. Raymond Willoughby Monday night.—There was a wedding in our vicinity.

A TONIC

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic restores Energy and Vitality by Purifying and Enriching the Blood. When you feel its strengthening, invigorating effect, see how it brings color to the cheeks and how it improves the appetite, you will then appreciate its true tonic value.

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is simply Iron and Quinine suspended in syrup. So pleasant even children like it. The blood needs QUININE to Purify it and IRON to Enrich it. Destroys Malarial germs and Grip germs by its Strengthening, Invigorating Effect. 60c.



YES, HE'S A PLUMBER, TOO.

Perhaps you didn't know it, but Old Santa is a wise little man and has mastered the plumbing trade. Let him equip your home with all sanitary basins, tubs, etc. We are his agents at Christmas time. Send your order to us.

S. J. VELTMAN

The Printer who has nothing in his shop but type, ink, paper and presses can give you no more than you are getting.

But Brains, Ideas and Service are always interesting.

Call 197.

The Parisian

A Staff of Experts.

Colds Cause Grip and Influenza LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets remove the cause. There is only one "Bromo Quinine" and it is E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. and LaGrippe. It's the most speedy remedy we know. 39-151

JOHN WHITE & CO.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Established in 1887

Liberal assortment and Full Value paid for Raw Furs

